THE BARBOUR COUNTY INDEX.

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THE CHIMES.

Now the matin bell is calling
All our souls from sin's enthralling—
"Save him, Lord, this day from falling!"
And I pray this, o'er and o'er;
Church, and tower, and street are glowing
In the morning's rosy flowing;
But no joy on me bestowing—
For my darling comes no more!

Now the vesper chimes are ringing,
And the homeward birds are singing;
Fragrant honeysuckle swinging
Golden censers, brimming o'er;
Over gray St. Peter's spire,
Sunset glances flash like fire;
In my heart the old desire—
But, alas! he comes no more!

Now the midnight bell is tolling,
Waves of tear-fraught music rolling;
Sad these tones, once my consoling—
All that happiness is o'er.
In the air the moon-rays shimmer,
And the "three stars" faintly glimmer—
Like my life, my star grows dimmer,
For my love will come no more!

—*Nina Meredith.*

SELLING STRAWBERRIES.

"I tell you it's all nonsense," said Uncle Peleg. "Charity—benevolence—pity!—it's all played out! Your big fairs may be all very nice, but people don't come there because they pity the poor; they come because it's fashionable!"

Horatia Mere shook her pretty head.

"You see, child," said Uncle Peleg, taking snuff, "you're on the wrong platform ever to get a peep behind the curtain. You're an heiress, and you're tolerably good looking, and have a way that people like, and therefore the world puts its best foot forward, so far as you are concerned. If you were Mrs. Sikes, the washerwoman, or Betty, the orange woman, you'd see quite a different aspect of things."

"Nonsense, uncle," said Horatia, still unconvinced. "Be a good, darling old Uncle Peleg, and let me have the delicious *Triomphe de Gand* strawberries in your south garden border for my refreshment table. Remember I'm to sell the strawberries and cream, and I want my table to look the prettiest in the room."

"Who do you suppose will buy your strawberries at the outrageous price you'll put upon them?" he demanded sourly.

"Everybody," Horatia answered saucily. "Come' Uncle Peleg, be generous and graceful, and say I shall have them."

Uncle Peleg took snuff.

"On one condition you shall have them."

Horatia clapped her white, rosy hands.

"And that—"

"Just wait until you hear," said the old man dryly. "You can't have my fifty quarts of *Triomphe de Gand* strawberries, each one as big as a pigeon's egg, until you have first sold a dozen quarts from door to door."

Horatia opened her brown, wondering eyes, like twin wells of hazel light.

"I, Uncle Peleg?"

"You, neice Horatia! Am I to specify the houses where you are to go?"

"It will be fun," cried Horatia, with a gay laugh. "I'd just as soon do it as not."

"Perhaps it will be fun, perhaps it won't," said Uncle Peleg. "At all events, I want you to get one glimpse, at least, of life through a strawberry woman's eyes."

"Am I to be disguised, Uncle Peleg?"

"To be sure you are. Miss Horatia Mere would have no difficulty in disposing of her wares; a friendless strawberry girl is different!"

"All the more delightful—a regular *tableau vivant!*" cried Horatia merrily. "Well, uncle, where am I to go?"

"I'll write down a list of names for you, that shall be culled out of your dearest friends—Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Dysart, Miss Ferrars and the like."

"They will all buy," cried Horatia.

"We'll see," Uncle Peleg said. "Are you really willing to buy the *Triomphe de Gands* at such a price as this, Horatia?"

"At any price," the girl answered gleefully.

"You don't know how disagreeable you may find it."

"It will be a perfect adventure!" said Horatia recklessly.

"But, mind, you're to keep it a secret."

"As the grave," his mischievous niece answered, with mock solemnity.

Miss Horatia Mere would scarcely have been recognized by her nearest friends, when she was dressed for the curious part she was to play "for one day only," as she declared. A calico dress; thick boots, in which her tiny feet felt unwontedly clumsy; a worn water-proof cloak, borrowed from Mary Ann the cook, and a worsted hood enveloped in a faded black vail, and a basket hanging over her arm—these were the details of her costume.

"Strawber-*ries!*" she cried, raising her sweet voice to "C above." "Oh, Uncle Peleg, it will be such a joke!"

And she tripped away, delighted at the prospect of playing at the realities of life.

Uncle Peleg looked after her rather doubtfully, as he resorted mechanically to his unfailing panacea for all human ills or perplexities, the snuff-box.

"I'm almost sorry I sent her on such an unpalatable errand," he said to himself; "but it's just as well that she should see the world as it really is. Her life has been all *couleur de rose*, and no wonder. The strawberries will be a dear bargain, after all!"

While these reflections were passing through the eccentric old man's brain, Horatia Mere had already reached the first house on her list, inhabited by Mrs. Montague, a lady who had always professed the sweetest and most saint-like character, whose voice was soft and low, and who spoke in six-syllabled words of Websterian elegance.

Mrs. Montague herself was in the hall as Horatia rang the door bell.

"If ye plase, ma'am" said Bridget, "It's a girrel sellin' strawberries—will we buy a quart?"

"Strawberries, indeed! and at the upper door!" shrilly cried Mrs. Montague, in a voice that for an instant almost compelled Horatia to doubt the lady's identity. "Don't you know better, girl, than to bring your trumpery wares to the front door? What do you s'pose basement bells were made for? Clear out this minute! What are you standing staring there for? Don't you hear what I say?"

And she took hold of Horatia's arm, and assisted her progress with a vigorous push.

Mrs. Dysart's came next—an elegant widow, with an ivory pure complexion; curls like the tendrils of a grape-vine, whose obstinate rings she was always lamenting. This time our heroine knew better than to go to the front steps, and made her way meekly to the area bell.

"Strawberries, is it?" said the little girl who came to the door. "I'll ask the missis."

Mrs. Dysart herself presently came to the door, and Horatia started to see the marvellous dissimilarity between the Mrs. Dysart of society and Mrs. Dysart at home. Her skin was sallow, wrinkled and blotched, here and there, from the two frequent use of powerful cosmetics; her hair was screwed up into a little *papillotes*, secured by pins, making a perfect *chevaux de frise* of her head; her beautiful figure was lathy and straight, like a pump draped in calico!

"Strawberries! of course not, at this season of the year," said Mrs. Dysart snappishly. "I'm not made of money!"

And she slammed the door in Horatia's face.

"Miss Ferrars will buy them, at all events," said Horatia to herself. "Lucille Ferrars was always noble-hearted and generous."

"How much are they?" said the fair Lucille, coming to the head of the basement stairs, in a *dishabille* of greasy pink cashmere and a soiled white apron.

"Eighteen cents a basket."

"Pshaw!" said Lucille supercilliously. "As if I was going to pay such a price as that! I'll give you ten!"

"They are unusually fine," said Horatia timidly.

"I shan't give a cent over eleven!"

Horatia turned away.

"I wonder you fruit girls have the face to ask such a price!" said Miss Lucille Ferrars, fingering her purse-strings. "Twelve, there—and that's more than they're worth!"

"I cannot sell them under the price I have named," persisted Horatia, shrinking from the sharp, glittering eyes.

"Go about your business, then!" said Lucille. "I'll see the whole tribe of you starve, before I'll be imposed upon so!"

Horatia felt herself disenchanted. Could it be possible that this shrewish miser was her soft-voiced friend, Lucille Ferrars?

Perhaps Uncle Peleg's views of human nature may not be so very much amiss, after all," she said, with a half-sigh, after she had made some half-dozen more pilgrimages, and more than half of her berries remained unsold.

Miss Parker's house was the last on her list. Horatia had let it remain until the other places were all visited, she herself could hardly have told why—perhaps because Justus Parker had been her partner in the "German" the night before. She liked Justus Parker—yet she somehow distrusted his gentle, nice, and smooth manner.

"I am afraid it is all 'put on,'" she said to herself. "But Uncle Peleg was determined I should go there, and I will not shrink, now that the ordeal is so nearly over."

The servant requested her to go up "an' see the young lady herself—she's in her own room mostly."

Horatia had heard of Laura Parker's lingering spine disease, although she never had seen her. And her heart beat slightly as she ascended the softly carpeted flight of stairs, carrying her basket of berries.

Justus was sitting on a low chair beside his sister's sofa, at the further end of the room; he rose and came forward as the stranger entered.

"This basket is too heavy for you to carry," he said, taking it from her arm and moving forward a seat, with a sort of unconscious chivalry.

"It is not so heavy as it seems," said she somewhat bitterly; "and if it were, I am nothing but a strawberry woman."

"But I suppose a strawberry woman has feelings and sensations like other people," said Justus Parker, smiling. "Sit down a moment, while my sister looks at your fruit."

"You must be very warm," said Laura Parker gently. "Lay back your vail. Justus, please ring for a glass of water."

Horatia accepted the water, but refused to unfold her vail. It was altogether too good a medium for her to observe the quiet tenderness with which Justus Parker treated his invalid sister—the open Bible on the table, the fresh flowers by the sofa, all mute tokens of thoughtful love and care.

Miss Parker bought half a dozen baskets of berries, without a word of exception to the price.

"They are the finest I have seen this year!" she said. "You must come again when you have more."

Horatia Mere's cheeks were burning when she made her escape at last, both basket and heart considerably lightened.

"Well, uncle!" she cried gleefully, when she at length reached home, "I have earned the *Triomphe de Gands!*"

"Have you been to all the places?"

"Yes, all!"

And she told him her adventures, with playful humor.

"Not a bad day's work," said Uncle Peleg, laughing.

Miss Horatia Mere had the handsomest refreshment table and the best sales of any young lady at the fair, and Justus Parker was her favorite customer.

The result of the fair, not an uncommon one, if all reports are true, was one wedding, if not more. Horatia Mere was married to Mr. Parker, but not till after the honeymoon did he know the story of how his aristocratic little bride had sold strawberries!

"Was it wrong of me?" she asked wistfully.

"Under the circumstances, No," Mr. Parker answered gravely.

The Broken Bank.

The Chicago Times thus briefly sums up the finale of the Mechanics' National bank, of Newark, N. J., which was regarded as the strongest in that city: At the conference of the directors, the cashier, O. L. Baldwin, stated that it would be useless to proceed with business. An offer by those present to subscribe $500,000 was met by the statement that $2,000,000 would not suffice. It appearing that Baldwin had made way with everything but a heavy safe, a director caused his arrest by the United States marshal. While confined in his residence the cashier was waited upon by Commissioner Keasby, and admitted to bail in $25,000. He then stated that in 1873 he began to make loans to C. Nugent & Co., morocco manufacturers, without security or the knowledge of the directors, and soon found himself in the power of the firm, who promised to restore all advances and protect him. The loans steadily increased to $2,000,000, the void being placed in the accounts of the Mechanics' bank, of New York. Baldwin claims to have lost nothing by speculation. Under the justice administered in New Jersey, the accommodating cashier will doubtless end his days in prison. The bank has a building worth $50,000. Joseph A. Halsey was president of the institution, which has been established for fifty years, and has of late paid 7 per cent semi-annual dividends. On charge of aiding in the wreck of the bank, Christopher Nugent has been arrested, and gave $25,000 bail.

A Wyoming Wedding.

Oil City Derrick.

Camping near the town, we secured our stock and then went in. Entering the leading store I introduced myself to Mr. Stiles, one of the proprietors and the postmaster.

"It is now half-past two, and at three there's to be a wedding down the street at Jonas Burton's. Old Jonas is a rough old coon that we elected about a month ago, and, as this will be his first attempt at a marriage, I think we will see some fun. Come and go down with me."

We went to the old 'Squire's cabin. We found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse and looking terribly anxious. After greeting us he said:

"Stiles, durn the galoots that got up these over night. I've run through the blamed book a half dozen times, an' can't find a dod blasted word about metermony or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with, I've just got to put the clamps on this couple, hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh!" Said Stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for the people'll never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man finally thought he could worry through in tolerable shape. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the 'Squire, who began.

"Fellow citizens, this yar man an this yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bands of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows of anything that mout block the game ef took to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo or keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor of me perceedin' as authorized by the law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'no.'"

Nobody said "no."

"The motion's carried unanimously, an' the court rules that there haint nuthin' to prevent the tryin' of the case. Grip yer fins."

The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar thet ye'll freeze to 'Mandy furever an' ever? That ye'll love 'er, an' pervide fur 'er, an' treat 'er squar an' white, accordin' to the rules an' regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the laws of the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' the bargain. 'Mandy Thomas, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll hang on to Amos for all comin' time, that you'll nuss him in sickness, an' be squar' to him in wellness, that ye'll always be to him a good true, honest, up-an' up wife under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offenses; you swa'ar to this, so help yer God?"

"I swa'ar I will."

"Then by the power in me vested as justice of the peace, in an' fur this precient, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband an' you, 'Mandy Thomas, wife, and legalize ye to remain as sich now and furevermore, an' ye'll stand committed till the fees and costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your souls and bless this union with his heftiest blessings."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and, after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

How Frederick Douglass got His Name.

In the first number of The Century Magazine (November), Frederick Douglass tells for the first time the manner of his escape from slavery. The account takes him to New Bedford, where he first obtained steady work and where he got his name, as follows:

Once initiated into my new life of freedom, and assured by Mr. Johnson that I need not fear recapture in that city, a comparatively unimportant question arose as to the name by which I should be known thereafter in my new relation as a free man. The name given me by my dear mother was no less pretentious and long than Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. I had, however, while living in Maryland, dispensed with the Augustus Washington, and retained only Frederick Bailey. Between Baltimore and New Bedford, the better to conceal myself from the slave-hunters, I had parted with Bailey and called myself Johnson; but in New Bedford I found that the Johnson family was already so numerous as to cause some confusion in distinguishing them, hence a change in this name seemed desirable. Nathan Johnson, mine host, placed great emphasis upon this necessity, and wished me to allow him to select a name for me. I consented, and he called me by my present name—the one by which I have been known for three and forty years—Frederick Douglass. Mr. Johnson had just been reading "The Lady of the Lake," and so pleased was he with its great character that he wished me to bear his name. Since reading that charming poem myself, I have often thought that, considering the noble hospitality and manly character of Nathan Johnson—black man though he was—he, far more than I, illustrated the virtues of the Douglas of Scotland. Sure am I that, if any slave-catcher had entered his domicile with a view to my recapture, Johnson would have shown himself like him of the "stalwart hand."

THE SULTAN.

Seclusion of the Turkish Ruler—His Religious Devotion—His Constant Fear.

Sunset Cox, writing from Constatinople to the New York Sun, says: The sultan lives in great seclusion in his yellow palace, somewhat aloof and apart, on the hills of the European side of the Bosporus. He comes forth but rarely and cautiously, as czars do nowadays. He is bound to go to certain mosques on certain days, and on Fridays always. We saw him the other day at the mosque below the palace, but we waited for him in a miscellaneous and enthusiastic crowd for two hours. The soldiery were there on guard. They surrounded the entrance and lined the streets between the high walls. The people were not near. Bands came and played music; officers of state arrived and were ushered through the ranks. At length there was a blast of trumpet—a good deal like a circus summons for the grand cavalcade. The gates of the palace opened! We peeped into the secret and beautious grounds. Lo! led by servants in gala attire, some riderless horse appeared. It is a custom which follows the sultan, Then came a man in a plain fez and on a white horse. It was the sultan! He seemed sallow; but he was not ill-looking. He is like all Turks, for they all look alike. The hush of expectancy was over. A rush and crush was made after him as he dismounted and entered the mosque. A shrill cry went up from the priests, which reminded the sultan that he also is mortal and God is great. The crowd dispersed, and the sultan stayed and prayed.

He is in perpetual prayer, or is expected to be, in these fasting days of Ramazan and festive days of Bairim. At the close of the former he was married—again. It was his annual marriage at a mosque. It was public in one sense, but "no cards" to us. Every year the Turkish empire is winnowed for the handsomest young lady to adorn the palace as a wife. The mother of the sultan selects from the bevy of beauties gathered from "silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon." One of the singular laws of royal marriage here is that the wife becomes the slave, when married to his majesty. Why? Because the crown prince, or future sultan, must be a born slave himself, and thus less in rank than the free people of the realm he governs! This is odd, but it is Oriental.

Again, this week the sultan appeared in Scutari, where he met all the military pashas and beys and the Ulemats, riding on white horses and wearing ribboned turbans. The latter are the priestly interpreters of the law and prophet. They display great pomp in the procession when the sultan enters the Church of the Six Minarets.

This chief of the state, how timid soever he may be, must come forth at stated times. The present sultan is not a large man, nor of conspicuous courage, He is regarded as able, and manages his own matters with adroitness. When Abdul Aziz was deposed in 1876 Murad V. ascended to the throne. He also was deposed after only two months' rule, because of alleged weak intellect, thus making two weaklings who have given way under ministerial dictation to the present sultan. There is much unrest among the Turks because of these untoward and suspicious changes, which has been promoted by the extraordinary trial and exile of Midhat Pasha for the alleged assassination of Aziz.

Therefore we were not a little curious to see the present sultan, who seems to master the situation, which is surrounded by so much doubt and danger. We had once seen the sultan, Abdul Mejid, amid forty thousand troops, on a grand day for the reception of the chief of the Mohammedan religion from Mecca. No special guard was needed then. But dynamite and assassination have made necessary these precautions, and a sense of wrongfully trying and punishing Midhat Pasha, the best of the progressive statesmen of the east, and full of enlightened ideas, makes the sultan timid, like the czar. When, therefore, the anniversary of his coronation came, the other day, he became nervous and uncertain. First, he was to give a grand dinner at his palatial seat, at which he himself was to preside—a rare concession and ceremony. He was to show himself very happy generally. The dinner was to be given to the embassadors and chief men. It was discarded, however, on the plea of poverty. After spending several thousand pounds, it was ascertained that it would be indelicate to have a roystering jamboree when the arrears of pay of all the soldiers and officers were so far behind—a year or more. Making a virtue of this fact, the sultan postponed his feast. The real situation is otherwise. A week or so ago some Italian subjects of sinister motions and conduct were arrested for conspiracy to kill the sultan. Their explanation was that their dynamite explosives were only intended for killing fish in the Sea of Marmora. But something still less serious made a greater outcry. The custom-house officials stopped some balls having in them explosive materials. They consisted of four globes and three iron pipes. The globes were sent to experts. The master of artillery, Ali Saib, was at the head of a commission to report. Chemists were called in. Three little suspicious perforations in the upper hemisphere of the ball were found, and found covered, but the cover was removed by a key! Sodium was found in them. It burns vividly when thrown in water. The commission decided that the balls were pyrotechnics, and so they were, but useful ones. They were intended to be thrown into the water in case of a person overboard at night, when the illumination would help to save. An instrument for life-saving was thus the means of affright to the successor of Mahmoud II. and Sulieman the Magnificent! The consignees are out in a card in French, which I have just seen, saying: "It is not our fault if the '*intelligents employes de la douane*' can not distinguish between salvation and destruction!"

The inhabitants of Mechanicsburg, Westmoreland county, Pa., are highly excited over the discovery of a cave in a mountain ledge of rock on Mr. Enos' farm near that town. In it were found a human skeleton, remnants of his clothing, with brass buttons, a revolver, a kettle containing $25 in gold, a crock full of lead ore, and some rusty pieces of sheet-iron.

How Does He Sleep.

Rev. Dr. Deems.

One of the most important things to know about any man upon whom you are going to place any dependence, is how he sleeps. Sleeplessness may sometimes be involuntary. There may have been some shock to the man's nerves which has made him insomnolent; but sleeplessness is more frequently voluntary. Men choose to push their studies or their work into those hours when they should be asleep. It does not matter for what cause any man may do this, the mere fact of not sleeping spoils his case. He may spend his nights in the theatre, in the study, or in the "protracted meeting." It will make no difference; the result to the body will be the same. The sleep was not had, and for that the man must pay. One man may do with a little less sleep than another; but, as a general rule, if you want a clerk, a lieutenant, a lawyer, a physician, a legislator, a judge, a president, or a pastor, do not trust your interests to any man that does not take on an average, eight good, solid hours of sleep out of every twenty-four. Whatever may be his reason for it, if he does not give himself that, he will snap sometime just when you want him to be strong.

The intellectual and moral connections of sleeping have, I think, not been sufficiently appreciated. Men and boys have been praised for "burning the midnight oil." Now this "midnight oil" is a delusion and a snare. The student who is fast asleep at eleven o'clock every night and wide awake at seven o'clock every morning is going to surpass another student of the same intellectual ability, who goes to bed after twelve and rises before five. In sleep, the plate on which the picture is to be taken is receiving its chemical preparation, and it is plain that that which is the best prepared will take the best picture.

Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep, are the widest awake when they are awake.

Great workers must be great resters.

Every man who has clerks in his employ ought to know what their sleeping habits are. The young man who is up till two, three and four o'clock in the morning, and must put in his appearance at the bank or store at nine or ten o'clock and work all day, can not repeat this process many days without a certain shakiness coming into his system, which he will endeavor to steady by some delusive stimulus. It is in this way that many a young man begins his course to ruin. He need not necessarily have been in bad company. He has lost his sleep; and losing sleep is losing strength and grace.

Here is the outline of the history of a suicide within my own knowledge: A young man, a stranger in New York, in a good situation, in a large boarding-house, has pleasant young companions, spends his evenings out; goes to midnight parties, from eleven to seven; his nerves become disturbed, then a little drink—a little mistake in business—another drink—reproof from employer—more drink—more mistakes—loss of situation—no help from frivolous companions—money all gone—then credit all gone—then turned out of the boarding-house—wandering in the street—mortification—desperation—shoots himself.

Now; it does not always come to this; but all people who are loosing sleep are somewhere along this line, they are somewhere in the rapids.

We must begin a reform in this department. People who "call and profess themselves Christains," must refuse to go out in the evening to any amusement, to any entertainment, to any religious exercise, from which they cannot return at ten o'clock, to be in their beds by eleven. The absurd and ruinous custom of guests arriving at nine or ten o'clock, and supper being served at eleven or twelve, must be opposed. Well-to-do officers and members of the several churches must be made by their pastors to feel that if they give such entertainments, they are responsible in a measure for the deleterious results that are to come to the bodies, to the intellects, and to the souls of their guests, young and old. Employes in every department must be made to understand that intelligent men are not going to intrust important matters to the hands of other men who do not sleep. How dare any merchant consider himself a Christian who works his clerks all night, and then holds them responsible for the bodily, mental, and moral injury they have sustained, and which reacts upon his interests?

Our religious services, our business, our amusements, our police regulations, must all be adjusted to this great necessity of our nature. When the city is governed as it should be, no man will be allowed to make night hideous with loud noises. Not even policemen will be permitted in the dead of the night, for an hour at a stretch, at the top of their voices, to bawl for the carriages of people who set the laws of health at defiance themselves, and will not permit other people to obey them—a custom which is rendering property in the neighborhood of places of amusement unfit for residence. In this age of rapid transit and accumulated work, we must more and more provide for the necessity of sleep.

Instead of asking our acquaintances, when we meet, the usual question of "How do you do?" we might teach a good lesson by that other question, 'How do you sleep?"

Dignity Sits on the Oat-Bag.

The Bangor (Me.) Whig tells a characteristic story concerning Hannibal Hamlin. Last Friday he was standing in a store when a farmer drove up with a load of oats. Mr. Hamlin purchased them and was telling where to take them, when the farmer, not knowing that his customer was an ex-vice president of the United States, interrupted him by saying curtly: "Git on and ride up with me yourself." "But you have no seat in your wagon," replied the ex-senator. "Never you mind your clothes—set on that bag of oats," was the business-like reply; so the ex-senator clambered up and sat down on the dusty load, and the cart rolled away, while the farmer wondered at the quaint look that crept into the face of his companion as he gave a nod of recognition to the well-pleased lookers on.

Our Working Girls.

Indiana Farmer.

When you begin a work, girls, that is worth doing, stick to it until it is done. I am not writing to your mothers now, for I know just how it is with them, and how impossible it often is to finish the dress, or even the apron that they have in hand. But it is generally different with you. There are more hours of the day at your command, and the reason your hand work hangs on so long is because you "put off" so much. Now, if it is only a set of collars and cuffs, stick to the work until it is done and the pieces are neatly stitched and laid away in your drawer. Then there is some comfort in the work of your hands. There is not much comfort in half-done work, so when you have a new suit to be made, go orderly to work and sew one seam after another, gather one ruffle after another, and so on until the last button is set on and the loop by which to hang it, and then sit down and fold your hands awhile and rejoice in your labor. You have earned the right. But do not forget the last loop. It does so spoil a dress to hang it up without. I have seen Sunday dresses that showed unmistakable marks of having been hung up by one sleeve, leaving a long drawn place where the clothes hook had been. A good way to hang up a basque, if you prefer that to folding it away in a drawer, is to sew on two small loops under the arms; then it will not be twisted or drawn sideways.

Don't undertake too much at a time, nor get too many irons in the fire at once. Better, as a general rule, finish off one large piece of work before the next is begun. Still, it is an advantage to have several lighter pieces on hand, ready to catch up at leisure moments, when you could not bring out the larger one and have it around. It is a nice thing to learn to improve the odd minutes, and I have generally found that girls of this style had about twice as many neat little belongings in which girl's hearts delight, as girl's who "just hated work," and who picked up a novel in all their leisure hours. The industrious girls were immeasurably the happier of the two. Yes; and the most admired and respected. Learn to make the very best of the materials you have at command, and turn over in your mind various expedients for securing what you need. It is surprising sometimes, how the way will open to a smart, resolute girl, though circumstances may seem most adverse. To do the best way we can, in the circumstances in which we are placed, is worthy of high honor, and argues a character of the superior order.

The Great Prairies of South America.

London Times.

1 The provinces of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo are as yet far from being overcrowded; but an immigrant will not fare worse for going further for elbow room, provided he be as careful to insure free and easy communication as a good general would be anxious to keep within reach of his base of operations. There are rivers in this region navigable by steam for thousands of miles, and the railroads, which seem to have been providentially invented to serve the purposes of American colonization, are already reaching the borders of the Grand Chaco, the Grand Pampa, Patagonia, and other great deserts, where land is to be had for the mere asking, and where the red Indian has ceased to be the bugbear he was, and cannot be made to face a breech-loading rifle.

The land is, in the main, an immense flat, no doubt; very large tracts of alluvial soil, without a tree or pebble; part of it mere swamps or salt wilderness. But even these thousand miles of unbroken level are not without a peculiar beauty of their own; their boundless horizon and awful solitude the freshness and purity of the atmosphere, and the keen enjoyment of unlimited freedom. Nor, apart from intercourse with his fellow-men, is a man here crushed by the sense of utter forlornness, for nothing is more striking than the teeming life of the animal kingdom in the pampas—the abundance of game, the storks and herons, the owls and the hawks, the flights of the wild turkeys and the flocks of ostriches, to say nothing of the ubiquitous pteroptero and chattering little cardinal; a multitnde and variety of fowls and brutes—nameless to me as well as numberless—the gayety of whose plumage and fur and the strangeness and wildness of whose screeches and howls a settler will always and everywhere have with him, and which will only gradually make room for the flocks and herds, the barking and bellowing, the crowing crackling of his domestic surroundings.

Life in the prairie is life in the saddle; for the very beggar here is mounted; and away from trail or tramways, neither for sex nor age is there any other practicable, or, at least endurable means of locomotion than on horseback; and the horses are fleet and sure footed, brave as lions, and gentle and docile as cows, and their purchase and keeping cost little, and their stabling and shoeing nothing.

A Holyoke, Mass., exchange alludes to the cure of D. O. Judd, Esq., U. S. Supervisor of Postal Card Manufactory, who was cured by St. Sacobs Oil of rheumatism and neuralgia.—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.*

Cincinnatians are now living who remember when the first keg of oysters was taken there as a wonderful novelty and luxury one Christmas time. Other aged citizens tell how, after making the then long and expensive journey to the east, they would bring home oyster-shells in their pockets to show them as curiosities to their families and stay-at-home neighbors.

Mr. George Drake, 48 Oak street, Indianapolis, Ind., suffered terribly with 'water' rheumatism. He used St. Jacobs Oil and was entirely cured.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

Almost young Again.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady in Providence, R. I.—*Journal.*

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

How She Came to Marry the Marquis of Lorne.

New York Times.

When the engagement of the marquis of Lorne to the Princess Louise was announced, it excited in England very great surprise. Among the higher nobility the affair was generally thought a blunder, but no sort of jealousy arose, because an alliance with royalty was not by any means regarded as one to be desired. The "true inwardness" of the marriage is known only to a very few, but there is scarcely a doubt that it was largely due to a desire to entirely wean the princess from an attachment which she had formed for a gentleman whose position was such as to preclude all idea of her marrying him, unless precedent and etiquette were to be set aside. At the present time life in Queen Victoria's home is by no means a gay and festive affair, but it is gayety itself compared with what it was for several years after the prince consort's death. No young ladies in England led during that period a duller existence than the queen's daughters. At that time the studies of Prince Leopold were directed by the Rev. Robinson Duckworth. Mr. Duckworth, son of a highly respectable Liverpool merchant, had been educated at University college, Oxford, where Dr. Stanley was for many years tutor. University is almost opposite Queens, and the then provost of Queens was Dr. Thompson, whose wife was the prettiest and most attractive woman of Oxford. Fond of society and of music, Mrs. Thompson soon recognized in Mr. Duckworth, who had good looks and a charming voice, a valuable addition to her circle, and he became as great a favorite with her husband, now archbishop of York, as with herself. Dr. Thompson was the most intimate friend of Max Muller, the philogist, who, as well as Dr. Thompson, was intimate with Dean Stanley, and thus it came about that their young favorite, Mr. Duckworth, was recommended as governor of Prince Leopold. It was not extraordinary if Princess Louise found in her very dull life at home agreeable distraction in the society of a handsome, highly cultivated young man, with tastes congenial to her own. That she did so is beyond question, and marriage with somebody else was doubtless deemed the best course to make her forget the man she could not have. Lord Lorne was unexceptionable in character, she had known him for years, and thought well of him. There is ample evidence that during her stay at Ottawa she did her duty in her state of life, and there is little likelihood that she would have returned from Canada but for the fact that the overturn of her sleigh couch in which she was proceeding to the parliament house resulted not merely in a serious shock to the system, but in specific injury. True, she had been going about in England, but it is one thing to go about at one's ease among friends, and another to maintain representation. An invalid may do the one, but not the other. Such, then, is the state of things upon which Mr. Labouchere, has thought it to build in Truth, an apologue which all decent people will regard with indignation and disgust. Of all the dirty drivel which has appeared in London "society papers," it is about the meanest and most contemptible.

Public Spirit.

We take the following from a paper by Dr. Holland in The Century Magazine for November (recently Scribner's):

There is no point at which personal meanness betrays itself so strongly and surely as it does when brought into relation to schemes of public improvement. Set a subscription paper going through a community, to raise money for some public object, and it will usually sift out the mean men as certainly as a screen will sift the dust from a bushel of coal. We have a great many men who are not stingy with their families, who are by no means parsimonious, yet who have insuperable objections to giving away anything that does not minister directly to their personal comfort or gratification. A church is wanted, or a public library, or a park, or something else for the common benefit, and the want and the effort to meet it furnish a very reliable test of the character of those appealed to. We have rich men in every community so notoriously stingy, and so unfriendly to all schemes of public improvement, that they are not even approached for a contribution. On the other hand, we have men in every community who have what we call "public spirit." Nothing that can minister to the general good ever receives a cold welcome from them, or a niggardly response to its appeal.

Very few men are so stolidly selfish that they cannot see that membership in a family involves certain duties toward the family—support, protection, mutual assistance. The head of the family—no matter how selfish and stingy he may be—recognizes the fact that he owes to that family shelter, sustenance, clothing, education, etc. Very few, too, fail to see that, as citizens, they owe certain duties to the town they live in, to the state, to the nation. They pay their taxes, and expect to pay them. It cannot be said that they always do this willingly or honestly, but they know that they must pay something for the laws that protect them, for the roads that give them passage across the country, and for the support of the government. As heads of families and citizens of the state, they apprehend the fact that they owe duties whose fulfillment costs money. What is necessary beyond this is that they should see that membership in a social community involves duties just as really and distinctly as family ties or citizenship. No man can belong to a social community—as all men do who are not hermits—without having imposed upon him a great many duties. He owes it to that community to make it, so far as he can, intelligent, comfortable, respectable. There is no wise scheme of improvement to which he does not owe his support and encouragement; and he cannot turn his back upon any such scheme without a failure in the offices of good neighborhood, or without convicting himself of a mean selfishness that is disgraceful to him, and to the family and town to which he belongs.

The total area of Tennessee is 26,800,000 acres, of which 10,771,396 acres are still covered with its original forests.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It costs Georgia farmers $800,000 to have their cotton weighed, at 10 cents per bale.

The average English jail-bird gets 260 ounces of food, the average pauper 166 ounces.

There is now in store in the different warehouses of Chicago 7,000,000 bushels of corn alone.

"Holiness conventions" are becoming quite common in the English Primitive Methodist church.

More than two thousand Mormon converts have left Liverpool for Utah during the past summer.

It is proposed to add twenty feet to the height of the Washington monument before the building season closes.

The English Presbyterian Missionary society sent out five new missionaries to China during the month of October.

St. Bernard Catholic school, Akorn, O., is temporarily closed on account of malarial fever. Nearly one hundred pupils are suffering.

The product of the gold, silver and copper mines of the southern states for this year promises to be above the startling figures of $20,000,000.

Coal-dealers along the Delaware and Hudson canal are greatly troubled on account of the low water in the canal. It is impossible to obtain coal enough to supply.

A Brevard county, Florida, man has been growing pineapples for market for the past ten years, and claims to realize from $700 to $1,200 per acre therefrom.

The Methodist Episcopal church will establish a magnificent university in Chattanooga, provided that city will give the ground for the structure that is to be built.

The canal around the Muscle shoals, Tennessee, will be completed within two years, when the Tennessee will be navigable from Paducah to Knoxville, some 580 miles.

Spiders and their webs form the designs embroidered on the flounces and waistcoats of some Paris gowns. Gold thread is the material usually employed for this work, but sometimes silk is used.

The California Methodists have begun to raise a "Haven memorial fund" of $10,000 in memory of the late Bishop Haven, who died in Oregon, for perfecting the library, cabinets, etc., of the University of the Pacific.

The Southern Baptist home mission board has engaged to feed, clothe, doctor, and educate fifty boys and fifty girls at the Levering manual labor school, Indian Territory, and the Creek nation has engaged to help the board with $7,000 a year.

Adam Boyle, of Battleford, Canada, has hit on a new way of raising potatoes. Being pressed for time in the spring he dug holes in the sod and dropped in the cuttings, covering them lightly with earth. This was all the attention they received, and now he is taking up a heavy crop of large and fine-looking potatoes.

The "Punch Bowl" of Hamden Plains, Conn., in the center of which grew a large tree, and which has been a thing of geological interest to tourists, has been filled up by the change in the layout of the track of the canal road. The punch-bowl measured 150 feet across, and was 100 feet deep.

There is less oil and sugar in Southern than in Northern corn. Each is adapted to the wants of the people where it is grown, Heat-producing elements are not required in Southern climes, but nitrogen is. The Northern climes heat-producing elements are required as well as those which produce flesh.

A New York man has a bee farm on the top of his house, within a few rods of the postoffice. The bees have to fly to Central Park to get at the blossoms to collect their honey. They come straight home to their hives, and know the spot where they are placed. It is said that the bees being so much above the streets are not disturbed by the noises of the city.

Isaac M. Phybe, an old resident of New York, died in Brooklyn a few days ago. He remembered going hunting near Canal street, and seeing a whipping-post in City hall park. He enjoyed the honor of seeing every president from Washington to Grant, and he was also one of the pall-bearers at the funeral of Henry Clay. He was a captain in the war of 1812.

A letter from Niagara Falls says: "The Oneida community are moving their works here from Wallingford, Conn., the water-power there not being sufficient. They are going to manufacture spoons of all kinds, and every kind of chain from the finest gold watch chain to the heaviest ox chain. They will employ about two hundred men. They have already received $25,000 worth of orders."

A Boston lady, recently from the Society islands, took a trip into the Sutro tunnel, Nevada, a few days since. She was by no means discouraged or exhausted when she had examined the main tunnel, but insisted upon going through the south branch also. She went through to the face of the south drift, and seemed to be little discommoded by the heat. She said it was no hotter than the country she had been living in.

A remarkable stampede is in progress toward the Beni river in Bolivia, unexplored until last winter, when Dr. E. R. Heath ascended it, and discovered vast forests of chincona and caoutchouc. Fully 10,000 men have since gone there, and the export of rubber alone has risen from 15,000 pounds to 75,000, with promises of 6,000,000 next year. Dr. Heath is sanguine of finding rich deposits of precious metals and medicinal plants along the Madre de Dios.

The apple crop this year is a scattering one. In some parts of New England there is a heavy yield, and those who are fortunate enough to have them are getting good prices. Northeastern Massachusetts seems to be the part of this state which has the largest crop, and there are localities in New Hampshire where there is an abundance of this fruit. But on the whole the promise of the blossom has not been fulfilled in New England, and in some places the heavy freeze of a few weeks ago completely ruined the crop. There will be a smaller export than last year, and before winter is over "apples will be apples."